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Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.

MAINE FARMER.

GREAT GRASS CROP.

Friend Rolfe, in our week before last number, says truly, "it will be a proud day for our country when the right management of grass crops shall be well understood, and the best modes of practice adopted by the great body of our farmers." We have no doubt that the value of our grass crops in Maine might be doubled—nay, quadrupled in two years. What a vast sum this would add to the value of our agricultural products. As proof of the capacity of our soil to produce this crop largely, if properly managed, we publish the following statement of our neighbor I. Bowles, Esq., of Winthrop. It was made out in order to be handed to a committee of the Ken. Co. Ag. Society, but there being no premium offered that year (through lack of funds) for the greatest crop of hay, it was not given to them.

Mr. Bowles first prepared his land some years ago for a crop of corn, and raised one hundred and sixteen bushels to the acre.

It proves what may be done among us if the proper means be used.

STATEMENT OF HAY.
To the Awarding Committee of the Kennebec Co. Ag. Society on English Hay:

GENTLEMEN—The soil on which my crop of hay grew, is a very deep yellow loam, with a clayey rocky subsoil. In the spring of 1841 it was ploughed and about forty loads of compost manure were evenly spread over the piece, and planted to corn. In the spring of 1842 it was ploughed and sowed to wheat. I sowed thirty pounds of red and white clover and one peck of herds grass seed. On the 26th of June, 1843, my hired help cut the grass of the first crop, which had not at this time arrived to heading out, and the fifth day after it was dry enough to haul to the barn. The quantity of hay was ascertained by putting up the cocks as near of an equal size as we could judge. One or more, not larger than an average lot, of the same, was weighed, and computing the whole number of cocks by that, found these contained 5 tons 900 cwt 90 lbs, on one acre and one quarter of land. The second crop was cut the fifth day of September. From this crop there was 1 ton 8 cwt 17 lbs from the same land, making in the whole 6 tons 13 cwt 7 lbs.

ISAAC BOWLES.

Winthrop, Dec. 30, 1843.
We hereby certify that we cut and secured the above crop of hay, and weighed the same, and do say the statement above is correct.

J. M. WING,
JOHN MORRILL.

SHELTER FOR SHEEP.

It seems desirable to furnish suitable shelter for the flock with conveniences for foddering, especially in stormy weather. Ex-Gov. King has a shed for sheep on his farm in Kingfield, which by some is thought to be just the thing for the purpose. He has two large barns standing one on the north and the other on the west side of his yard, and sheltering it from the cold northerly winds. His shed is in the middle of his sheep yard, and extends from the barn on the west parallel with the one on the north, and is, perhaps, eighty feet long, ten or twelve wide, and ten in height. The roof is similar to a common barn roof, inclined on both sides. There are door-ways on each side about ten feet apart, sufficiently large for the sheep to pass in and out through them. There is a passage or alley, three feet wide, communicating with the barn and extending through the middle of this shed; this alley is boarded up on both sides about three feet, with the exception of a space near the bottom, through which the sheep can put their heads, but not wide enough for them to enter. In foddering, a forkfull of hay is carried from the barn through this passage and is placed in the farthest part of it; and so the hay is placed throughout the whole length of the alley. Meanwhile the sheep are entering through the doors, and filling up the space on both sides, where they can reach the hay; while they are unable to trample upon it, or crowd each other over it, and they are also completely out of the way of the person who is foddering them.

WHY DON'T YOU COMMUNICATE?

To the Editor of the Maine Farmer:

An article in your paper of Nov. 17, under the above caption, contained in the first sentence an expression that took me by surprise. You say there are only four or five practical men out of twenty-three hundred subscribers to the Farmer, who write out their thoughts, and give the results of their experiments through the medium of the press. I have been aware that our practical farmers and mechanics are by far too remiss in their duty in this respect; but before reading your article as above, I should have set the number of occasional contributors to the Farmer at some scores. But on examination I find you nearly correct. Why, sir, they should be in so many hundreds. And I take some shame on myself as a native and working citizen of Maine, that we do not come up to our duty as a host with its hundreds.

We have in our little County of Piscataquis a paper partly devoted to the farming interest, and I venture to say friend Edes could present as sad a picture of dearth of original practical matter as you have shown up for us. Suppose he tries his hand. Let the bone and muscle of our State see and feel the cold and careless state of apathy to which we have been sliding. Where has fled our public spirit? Where is the Piscataquis County Agricultural Society? Echo answers, where!

You well say this state of things "is too bad!"

MAINE FARMER.

A Family Paper; Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, General Intelligence, &c.

VOL. XIV.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, JANUARY 1, 1846.

NO. 1.



Portrait of the Alpaca, or Peruvian Sheep.

THE ALPACA.

This animal is a native of the upper Andes, in South America, or rather the higher parts of the Andes, say from twelve to fourteen thousand feet above the sea, where it is in all probability as cold as it is anywhere in Maine. The inhabitants of those mountains in Peru have large flocks of them, and they seem to be to them what the camel is to the Arab, a beast of burden—a source of food, their flesh being used for that purpose—and a source of warmth, inasmuch as their fleece is made into garments, which have recently become quite fashionable in England, France, and the United States, as a dress for Ladies.

From this last being the case, considerable attention is now paid to the natural history of the animal, and the Yankees are on the alert to have some of them brought into the country, with a view of naturalizing them, and ascertaining whether "an honest penny" can be made by rearing them. We understand that Ex-Governor Paine, of Vermont, has embarked in the Enterprise, and intends to have some of them introduced among the mountains of Vermont, in order to see how they will flourish. They were introduced into England, some years ago, and are doing pretty well. In the 10th number of the last volume, we gave the following in regard to them:

Considerable is said in many of the agricultural papers about the practicability and profit of introducing the Peruvian animal, called the Alpaca, into the United States. The Alpaca is a native of the mountains of Peru and Chili, in South America, and is a species or variety of the Lama.

From its wool is manufactured the cloth called Alpaca, which is now so fashionable. Its wool is fine, and varies from six to twelve inches in length. It is a docile animal, with a heavy fleece and a long neck. The weight of the fleece is represented to be from fifteen to eighteen lbs.

We have no doubt that they may be made to flourish well in New England, but whether they will be profitable or not remains to be seen.—Their wool alone is all that will be valuable to us. We do not need them for beasts of burden, nor for their flesh. If their wool can be made profitable why they will soon become plenty, but if the expense of keeping more than counterbalances the value of the fleece, they will not be very plenty in Yankeeedom—profit being the great desideratum for the sojourners in that part of the world.

A very interesting pamphlet on the Alpaca has been published at the office of the N. Y. Farmer and Mechanic, which we have not at hand at present, or we should take the liberty to borrow some of the facts therein stated. The Saturday Post has the following upon the subject:

"THE ALPACA. We observe that Ex-Gov. Paine, of Vermont, is about to make the experiment of introducing the Alpaca into the State of Vermont. This is a speculation which we think may probably answer, ultimately, though in our country there is danger of over-doing all new things. Witness the merino fever, which ruined hundreds, and more recently the morus multicaulis, which shipwrecked thousands. But at the expense of the novices, the nation generally thrives. Wool is already a great staple, and silk will be also, one day or other.

"The sheep of the Andes are divided into about five species, varying with their native places and haunts upon the mountains, and changing their nature of course by domestication, tho' not losing their native characteristics entirely. The four principal kinds, are the Llama, or Au-chenia, which furnishes the generic name, the Guanaco, Vicuna, and Alpaca. The Guanaco and Vicuna inhabit land 12,000 to 14,000 feet above the sea, and the native tract of the other two varieties is below the belt of snow, about eight to twelve thousand feet above. All these varieties, except the Alpaca, have only a short fleece, coarse, and some of them, like fur of the seal or the beaver, a coat of wool under coarse hair. The name and characteristics of the sure footed Llama, his long neck, and his value as a beast of burden, are familiar to all readers, from the school boy up.

"The Alpaca, similar in form and habits to the head of the family, differs from the others in having a thick, warm and very fine fleece, from six to twelve inches long. The color of the wild animal is often a light brown than any other, while the domestic ones are of all hues, generally however, white, black, or parti-colored. The black Alpaca wool, undyed, is as brilliant and permanent as jet. One peculiarity of the Alpaca is, that, unlike the ordinary sheep, he never perspires, and the wool being thus naturally free from grease, the sheep does not require washing before shearing. Nor is it necessary, in any weather, to smear his coat with tar or grease, to protect him, and thus to render his wool unfit for light colors. He will live and thrive, without food or manger in a temperature so cold that a shepherd is glad to keep himself from freezing with a fire. In the severest win-

ter weather this sheep needs no extra care, and as to food, he would live where other sheep would starve.

"The Vicuna wool is generally light red or brown, and coarse, and distinguished as red wool in the custom house returns. The Alpaca is worth, when made into yarn, from \$1.20 to \$3.50 per pound, and even more, according to its quality. There can be next to no doubt of the fact, that this sheep will thrive in the mountainous parts of the Northern States, and the experiment is simply worth trying, if not pushed with the mad folly of speculation. The flesh of the fawn is spoken of as good; but the Peruvians have less care for the animal as food, than for its other properties. It can hardly be expected that so hardy an animal will furnish very juicy mutton; but the Yankees, when once they begin to find out the Alpaca's properties, will soon let us know every thing that he is good for. We say success to Ex-Governor Paine in his experiment. There is one thing to be hoped from it. That is, that we may find out what the real Alpaca wool is, and what it is like. Some stuff that purports to be Alpaca, particularly hosiery, is not particularly desirable; but the better Alpaca fabrics are at once warm, durable, silk-like, and handsome."

Yours, as ever, C. C.

Fozcroft, Dec. 22, '43.

NOTE. We thank our friend for his communication. If the Farmers of Maine would rouse up, they might pour out a vast amount of information every week. How many towns are there in Maine? Is there not at least one Farmer in each town that can communicate something once per month? Think of it, friends. [Ed.]

HEMLOCK BROWSE FOR SHEEP.

To the Editor of the Maine Farmer:

I frequently hear persons say that their sheep have run out, they lose their wool, raise but few lambs, they have got the scab, become breachy, it is time they were sold and a new flock bought, &c.

Some are of the opinion that hemlock browse will cause sheep to become weak, shed their wool, and bring forth dead lambs. As far as I have noticed in such cases, generally the sheep had become poor, the owner's hay had become low, and not feeling able to buy, browse must be had. They haul a load into the yard, and the sheep are governed by appetite, not by reason. It is so with many of the human family. No doubt they eat too much. If hemlock or pine had been given in the fore part of the winter, it would not hurt them, if they had also a reasonable allowance of hay.

I consider feeding with browse a saving of hay, and I have great satisfaction in seeing the "kanan's" quickness in biting off the small twigs, and the many bows they make to the larger ones. Perhaps some will be of the opinion that they'll eat more hay for it, and that it makes them hungry—as a neighbor of mine said to me one day. He was in my yard, and saw a plenty of browse. Says he, "your sheep look very well—do you think hemlock good for sheep?" I answered in the affirmative. "Well, I am hauling my firewood, I have to cut some hemlock, and I can put some on my loads, and as I haul the wood by my yard can throw it off to them as well as not."—Some few days after, I saw him; says he, "Mr. Whitman I have done hauling hemlock for my sheep, it makes them hungry. They eat more hay for it, and every time they see me coming with a load of wood, they will ban, ban, ban! I think he was mistaken. If he could have understood their language, I guess it would have been, 'haul up more browse.'"

It is forty-seven or forty-eight years this month, since I began to keep sheep. I think I commenced with six, and added as I advanced in clearing my farm. Of late years I keep from twenty-eight to thirty-six, descendants from the first flock. I have had no changing, except the bucks.

I never have had occasion to medicine them for the scab, or seldom for any other disorder.—When they get hurt by my cattle, or become angry, I use my knife. I have always been in the habit of using what hemlock and pine (spruce and fir) I consider not so good, but much better than none, as I conveniently could get, when cutting and hauling my winter fire-wood.

I advise all who winter sheep, when they are cutting and hauling their winter's wood, if they cut any green hemlock and pine, or spruce and fir, (though not so good) to save the small limbs, and place them in their sheep yard beside the fence, and if the cows eat some, and probably they will, it will not hurt them. I consider it healthy for them. They want a change of food as much as the human family. I find that the better I deal with my sheep, the more profit I receive, and the more peaceable they are.

J. WHITMAN.

North Turner Bridge, Dec. 10, '45.

*Query.—What are they now? all Merinos? [Editor.]

REMEDY FOR THE BOTS.

I have used the following receipt for the bots for a number of years, and have never known it to fail in a single instance, when given in time. I have known horses in the most excruciating agony immediately relieved after taking the drench, and commence eating. Previous to giving the drench, rub the flanks of the horse with spirits of turpentine, then take of linseed oil, half a pint, molasses half a pint, sweet milk one pint, mix well together and pour down the horse's throat from a strong junk bottle. [Cor. Am. Agriculturist.]

NOTE. If your spirits of turpentine does not put your horse into keen agony you are much mistaken. It is like putting hot embers to your own skin.

We have found the following a pretty good prescription for bots. Draw a quart or more of blood from the horse's neck and give it to him to drink, or rather pour it down him. Follow this in the course of half an hour with some kind of smart physic. [Ed. Me. Farmer.]

PARODY ON "THE OLD ARM CHAIR."

BY ALBERT M. NOYES.

I love her, I love her, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving my little black mare?
I've treasured her long as a beautiful prize,
So glossy her coat, and so bright are her eyes.
She's bound by many a hand to my heart,
Not a fit will she break, nor a fast will she start;
Would ye learn the spell? She's gentle and fair,
And a beautiful thing is my little black mare.

I've sat me and watch'd her full many a day
As o'er the green fields she would gracefully play,
But I've treasured her most, when in frolicsome glee,
She would turn from her work, and come bounding to me.
Till years shall have flown, and Death comes apace,
Till she's and all'd the last time and runs her last race,
My heart will ne'er learn what its tendril can bear
Till I look on the grave of my little black mare.

And when I shall have passed, my memory yet
Will stir-up sad thoughts of my beautiful pet;
How oft to the bridal she'll come me, and fast;
And tears will be curd when I think of the past.
Say 'twould be folly, should I weep at my loss,
Till mine eyes become dim'd, and my voice groweth hoarse,
But I love her, I love her, and never can tear
From my memory, the form of my little black mare.

[Saturday Courier.]

A FARMER'S LIFE.

I wish I could see in all our farmers a disposition to magnify their calling; but I have been

grieved in many a farm house, to listen to lamentations over what they term their "hard lot."

I have heard the residents upon a noble farm, all paid for, talk about drudgery, and never having their work done, and few or no opportunities for the children; and I have especially been sorry to hear the females lament over the hard fate of some promising youth of seventeen or eighteen, who was admirably filling up his duties, and training himself for extensive usefulness and influence. They have made comparison between his situation, coarsely clad and working hard, and coming in fatigued, with some college cousin or young man who has clerked it in a store, till at length the boy has become dissatisfied, and begged off from his true interests and happiness.

I am conversant with no truer scenes of enjoyment than I have witnessed in American farm houses, and even log cabins, where the father, under the influence of enlightened Christianity, and sound views of life, has gone with his family, as the world have termed it, into the woods.

The land is his own, and he has every inducement to improve it; he finds a healthy employment for himself and family, and is never at a loss for materials to occupy his mind. I do not think the physician has more occasion for research than the farmer; the proper food of vegetables and animals will alone constitute a wide and lasting field of investigation. The daily journal of a farmer is a source of much interest to himself and others. The record of his labors, the expression of his hopes, the nature of his fears, the opinions of his neighbors, the results of his experiments, the entire sum total of his operations, will prove a deep source of pleasure to any thinking man. If the establishment of agricultural societies, and the cattle shows of our country should have the effect of stimulating one farmer in every town to manage his land and stock upon the best principles of husbandry, there would be a wonderful and speedy alteration in the products of the earth, because comparison would force itself upon his friends and neighbors, and his example would be certainly beneficial, for prejudice itself will give way to profit.

[Choules's Address.]

GREAT CHESNUT TREE ON MT. AETNA.

This celebrated and gigantic tree is scarcely less remarkable for its peculiar situation, than for its extreme age and extraordinary size. The drawing published of it by Howell in the year 1784, which is still preserved, and has been copied in many works, so as to be still familiar to many readers, proves that it is in a course of decay, and that probably no very long period will elapse, before it will be materially injured by the loss of one part or another, and indeed be wholly prostrated to the ground, which it has shaded perhaps for many centuries.

The hollow in its immense trunk has now been enlarged so much, that two coaches might pass through it abreast; yet the progress of decay going on in the wood, is not to be traced in any unfavorable effects on the foliage or branches, as it is annually covered with a coat of deep verdure, and the fruit forms and ripens every season in great abundance.

Although the enormous vegetable mass which it forms presents to the eye, even at a moderate distance, the appearance of one magnificent tree, of well balanced proportions on both sides, tho' with a disproportionate breadth of trunk and branches compared with common trees, partial divisions are perceptible on nearer inspection, which have led most observers to conclude that not less than five distinct chesnuts have here united, and long composed one. The circumference of the entire trunk is 152 feet, while one of the parts, more distinct than the others, measures 55 feet. There are not wanting, however, persons who affirm that the whole is, strictly speaking, a single plant. Howell is of the number; and Brydone heard from the natives of that region, that such was the universal belief. Recupero, a Sicilian Naturalist, has protested against the idea of its being a compound. And one of argument against it is, that the disappearance of parts of the trunk are not wholly caused by natural decay, but in a great part by the removal of pieces of the wood for fuel.

A hut has been built in the hollow of this enormous tree, for the accommodation of visitors, who often partake of a repast partly made of its nuts. The Sicilians call it the "Castagna dei centi cavalli," (or Chesnut tree of an hundred horses), as is said, because Queen Joan of Aragon, in a visit she once paid to it, drew up her whole escort in the cavity, though it consisted of an hundred men mounted.

"While America," says the Magazine Picturesque, "boasts of her enormous cypress, Africa of her baobab, and Asia of her eucalyptus, so very long as the Chesnut of Mount Aetna stands, Europe may claim to possess the largest tree in the world." [Selected.]

THE FARMER IN WINTER.

To the Editor of the Maine Farmer:

I am inclined to think that the farmer may reap as great a profit from his labors during winter, as any part of the year. The care of live stock of every kind, during the winter season, will command the diligent attention of every thinking farmer.

One great object should be kept in view—do not attempt to raise more stock of any kind than you may be able to keep in the best manner.

Now we will suppose that a farmer has a few cows of superior quality—a few first rate young cattle—a flock of young sheep, moderate in number, but superior in appearance and of fair promise—a few pigs of the most approved breed—and poultry of the most profitable kinds. Here is enough to employ the industry, skill and talents of any man, however high his pretensions.

Every domestic animal kept upon a farm, should be rendered comfortable in every respect—should have plenty of the comforts of life, food, drink, &c., and be kept warm and dry.—Cattle and other stock may be made to thrive about as well in winter as in summer, with proper management.

But we will suppose that a farmer, who may employ the most of his time during a long winter season in the management of a small stock of cattle, sheep, &c., may be reproached for his insignificance by some would-be great man. But farmer Thrifty will answer to the charge. He will point to a yoke of steers, worth at least sixty dollars. He will show you a flock of sheep which have been improved by careful selections during a series of years, that promise an enormous profit. A number of pigs, too, that promise to become enormous porkers in due time. By constantly improving the breeds and qualities of all his animals, he adds yearly more and more to his capital. The careful, attentive farmer, is not so insignificant after all. J. E. ROLFE.

Rumford, December, 1845.

PLOUGHING WET LAND.

It is the opinion of some farmers that ploughing grass land which is inclined to wet is of no benefit to it, but rather an injury. Such land probably requires draining, and if you are unable to do this at present, perhaps it would be better to apply the dressing on the surface in the fall, and not attempt to break it up. Ploughing such land in the ordinary way renders it more flat and heavy, and not so well adapted to the English grasses as before. This has been the experience of many farmers. Perhaps ploughing, of itself, has sometimes been relied on too much, in attempting to renovate exhausted lands.

A PREVENTIVE AGAINST MOLES.

I have discovered what I consider a sure preventive against the depredations of the ground mole in orchards. Late in the fall I draw fresh muck from the swamp, and put about ten bushels around the trunk of each tree, heaping it about one foot up the tree, then tread or pack it hard and smooth, and it will lie bare nearly all winter, and the moles will not disturb the bark. If the muck has to be carted a great distance, a quantity as small as one bushel might answer. I have never applied anything as a manure for apple trees on warm land equal to muck.—[Cor. Am. Ag.]

TO KNOW GOOD FLOUR.

When flour is genuine, or of the best kind, it holds together in a mass when squeezed by the hand, and shows the impression of the fingers, and even the marks of the skin, much longer than when it is bad or adulterated; and the dough made with it is very long and elastic, and easy to be kneaded, and which may be elongated, flattened, and drawn into every direction, without breaking.

GREAT DISCOVERY.

A NEW ARTICLE OF MANUFACTURE IN PENOBSCOT.—We have recently examined several iron bench vices for the use of Blacksmiths, Machinists, Wheelwrights and other mechanics manufactured at Newport in this county, by Messrs. Mark Fisher and William Martin, Jr.—This vice was invented by Mr. Matthews, a former citizen of Bangor, but who for several years, has resided in Worcester, Mass., where he is known as a skillful mechanic. Instead of the usual screw and pivot of common vices, this has two screws, both operating at the same time, and in equal proportions by means of an endless chain attached to both. This arrangement brings the jaws of the vice to bear exactly square however widely distended by the screw. Every workman will readily perceive that this is a decided improvement over any other vice.

Messrs. Fisher & Martin have purchased the patent right, and have fitted up suitable machinery at Newport, in this county, for manufacturing these vices in large quantities, and in great perfection.

The main portions of the vice are of cast iron and the jaws are fitted with cast steel faces.—These faces have usually been fitted on with screws or rivets as it was supposed quite impossible to unite cast steel and cast iron by welding or any similar process. The expectation of ever accomplishing this has been looked upon by many intelligent iron mongers, as about as absurd as the attempt to discover perpetual motion. But it was very important to Messrs. Fisher & Martin in the manufacture of these vices that this union should take place.

They greatly desired it. They are Yankees. They have accomplished it. And so close and perfect is the union effected that with the best cold chisels a separation cannot be effected without breaking in upon either the iron or steel or both.

Some people may think this a matter of very little consequence, and hardly worth a paragraph in our paper. No so do we. The matter is important, not only to the progress of the arts, but the up-building of manufactures and the reputation and wealth of our country. All honor, say we, to the intelligence and enterprise of these men who are doing so much to advance the arts, and to increase the value of labor in Penobscot county, and may success crown all their efforts, and their successes serve to urge them forward into new and beneficial enterprises.—[Bangor Courier.]

A KICKING PLOW.

Well, boys, I want to tell you a story about plowing, which I heard a couple of old men talking over the other day, while looking at the beautiful implements of husbandry in the warehouse of the editor of the American Agriculturist.

Farmer A says to Farmer D, these are somewhat different plows from such as you and I used to plow with when we went to the woods and cut down a winding tree, and split out a mould board, and hewed off the splinters, and then nailed on the blade of an old hoe, straps of iron, sometimes an old worn-out horse-shoe, &c. &c., to keep it from wearing out. Yes, indeed, replies Farmer D, I well remember when I was about 16 years old (he is now upwards of 70), my father had a kicking plow.

Do you know what a kicking plow is, boys?—Well, I will tell you. It was so constructed, that when the point of the share struck a stone or rock, of which we have plenty in our country, it would fly up behind, and the handles strike you under the chin, or sometimes the end of the mould board would bark you on the shin, making you cry out, ah, oh dear! which he set me at work with, and left home on a short journey. After getting a few thumps I began to philosophize, and pretty soon turned my oxen into the pasture, took a shovel and axe, went into the woods, dug up a small ash tree by the roots, to be sawed in two for handles, taking the next cut for the beam and so on, until I had all the material for a new plow. By dinner time, next day, I had my plow ready for operation, and at it I went. It worked to a charm—for I had so balanced the parts that I had no more kicking. The moon shone the following evening, and I plowed on, fearing the consequences of not meeting the expectations of my father, in the quantity of land plowed on his return which was on the third day. He came into the field immediately. "Well, David," said he, "you are turning it up pretty handsomely; but what have you here, my son?" I held down my head and talked to the oxen. "Never mind," said he, "only be careful in turning about, for if the oxen once get sight of your plow, it is so handsome, they will clear the field, and you may never see any more of them!"

[American Agriculturist.]

NO TIME TO READ.—How often do we hear men excuse themselves from subscribing to a paper or periodical, by saying they have "no time to read."

When we hear a man thus excuse himself, we conclude he has never found time to confer any substantial advantage either upon his family, his country, or himself. To hear a free man thus express himself, is truly humiliating; and we can form no other opinion than that such a man is of little importance to society. Such men generally have time to attend public barbecues, meetings, but they have "no time to read."

They frequently spend whole days in gossiping, tripping, and swapping horses, but they sometimes lose a day in asking advice of their neighbors—sometimes a day in picking up news, the prices current and the exchanges—but these men never have "any time to read."

They have time to hunt, to fish, to fiddle, to drink, to "do nothing," but "no time to read;" such men generally have uneducated children, unimproved farms and unhappy firesides. They have no energy, no spirit of improvement, no love of knowledge; they live "unknowing and unknown," and often die unwept and unregretted.—[U. S. Jour.]

SUPERIOR METHOD OF PREPARING POTATOES FOR FEEDING STOCK.—Mr. Bogdell of Copenhagen, washes his potatoes well, steams them thoroughly, and then, without allowing them to cool, he cuts them in a cylinder furnished internally with revolving knives, or crushes them in a mill, and mixes them with a small quantity of water and three pounds of ground malt to every 100 lbs. of the raw potatoes. This mixture is kept in motion and at a temperature of 140° to 180° F., for from one to five hours, when the great fuel has acquired a sweet taste and is ready for use. Given in this state, the results of experimental trials are said to be—1st, That it is a richer and better food for milk-cows, than twice the quantity of potatoes in the raw state.—2d, That it is excellent for fattening cattle and sheep, and for winter food; that it goes much further than raw potatoes when merely steamed; and that it may be economically mixed up with chopped hay and straw.

[Edinburgh Jour. of Agriculture.]

Joshua Sylvester, Esq., of this town, goes out in the Cambria with the view of ascertaining the practicability of introducing American leather and the manufacture of shoes from such leather into the English market. We hope that abundant success will attend his undertaking.—[Danvers Courier.]

Sabbath Reading.

A PREPARATIVE TO PRAYER.

BY SOUTHWELL.

When thou dost talk to God—by prayer I mean—
Lift up pure hands, lay down all but desires;
Fix thoughts on heaven, present a conscience clean;
Each holy blame to mercy's throne aspire.
Conquer faults, quell, grieve, pardon for thy sin,
Tread holy path, call grace to guide therein.

It is the spirit with reverence must obey
Our Maker's will, to practice what he taught;
Make not the flesh thy counsel when thou pray;
"Thy enemy to every virtue thought;
It is the foe we daily feed and clothe;
It is the prison that the soul doth loathe.

Even as Elias, mourning to the sky,
Did cast his mantle to the earth below;
So when the heart presents the prayer on high,
Exclude the world from traffic with the soul;
Lips near to God with words, not words with sin,
Is but vain babbling, and converts to sin.

Like Abraham ascending up the hill
To sacrifice, his servants left below;
That he might act the Great Commander's will,
Without intrusion to his obedient show;
Even so the soul must rise, and leave the world,
Should mount salvation's shelter—mercy's wings.

EFFECT OF EXAMPLE. What extreme advantage great persons have, especially by the influence of their practice, to bring God himself, as it were, into credit; how much it is in their power to render piety a thing of fashion and request; for in what they they do they are alone or ill attended; whether they go, they carry the world along with them; they lead crowds of people after them, as well when they go in the right way, as when they run astray. The custom of living well, no less than other modes and habits, will be soon conveyed and propagated from the court, city and country will readily draw good manners, temper, good manners truly so called, not only superficial forms of civility, but real practices of goodness. For the main body of men goeth not "quod eundem, sed quia ita," not according to rules and reasons, but after examples and authorities; especially of great persons, who are like stars, shining in high and conspicuous places, by whose men steer their course; their actions are to be reckoned not as single or solitary ones, but as, like the persons, of a public and representative nature, involving the practice of others, who are by them aided, or shamed into compliance. Their good example especially hath this advantage, that men can find no excuse, can have no pretence, why they should not follow it. Piety is not only beautiful, but fortified by their dignity; it not only shines on them with a clear luster, but with a mightier force and influence; a word, a look, the least intimation from them will do more good, than others' best eloquence, clearest reason, most earnest endeavors. For it is in them, if they would apply themselves to it, as the best precept, that scatter iniquity with their eyes. A smile of theirs were able to elicit virtue, and diffuse it all about; a frown might suffice to mortify and dissipate wickedness. Such apparently is their power of honoring God; and in proportion thereto surely great is their obligation to do it; of their peculiar God expects it, and all equity exacts it. —[Dr. Barrow.]

THE EYE OF CONSCIENCE. That the eye of conscience may be always quick and lively, let constant use be sure to keep it constantly open, and thereby ready and prepared to admit and let to those heavenly beams which are always streaming forth from God upon minds fitted to receive them. And to this purpose let a man fly from everything which may leave either a foulness or a dimness upon it. Let him dress every gross act of sin; for one great stain may be certainly and speedily destroy life as forty lesser wounds. Let him carry a jealous eye over every growing habit of sin; let him keep aloof from all commerce and fellowship with any vicious and base affection, especially from all sensuality; let him keep himself untouched with the hellish, unwholesome heart of lust and the noxious stains and exhalations of intemperance; let him bear himself above that sordid and low thing, that utter contradiction to all greatness of mind—covetousness; let him disengage himself from the pelf of the world, from that "amor sceleratus habendi"; lastly, let him learn so to look upon the honors, the pomp, and greatness of the world, as to look through them. Let him indeed be apt to be blown up by them, and to sacrifice all for them; sometimes venturing their heads only to get a feather in their caps. —[Dr. South.]

CHARITY. Is any man fallen into disgrace? Charity doth hold down his head, is abashed and out of countenance, parting of his shame; is any man desponding of his hope or endeavor, charity crieth out alas, as if it were itself defeated; is any man afflicted with pain or sickness? charity looketh sadly, it sigheth and groaneth, it fainteth and languisheth with him. Is any man pinched with hard want? charity, if it cannot succor, it will condole. Doth ill news arrive? charity doth hear it with an unwilling ear, and a sad heart, although not particularly concerned in it. The sight of a wreck at sea of a field spread with carcasses, of a country desolated, of houses burnt and cities ruined, and of the like calamities incident to mankind, would touch the bowels of any man; but the very report of them would affect the heart of charity. —[Dr. Barrow.]

COMPASSION. Compassion is an emotion of which we ought never to be ashamed. Gracious, particularly in youth, is the tear of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. We should not permit ease and indulgence to contract our affections, and wrap us up in a selfish enjoyment; but we should accustom ourselves to think of the distresses of human life, of the solitary cottage, the young parent, and the weeping orphan. Nor ought we ever to sport with pain and distress in any of our amusements, or treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty. —[Dr. Blair.]

CONSISTENCY. The world talks much of consistency, without appearing to care about it—to understand what sort of consistency is really desirable. That a man should always retain the same opinion—that he should shut his eyes and his ears, learn nothing, obstinately adhere to his first conceptions—no one who loves and properly appreciates the value of truth and knowledge could possibly desire. One of the most powerful obstructions to the advancement of knowledge is the too great readiness with which mankind make up their minds, shut up the book of experience, and rest contented with what they have seen. They who seek truth with fervor are ever open to new evidence—ever ready to re-consider, re-investigate the opinions they hold. They desire no view irrevocably fixed. They are tolerant of new views, and explore with candor the grounds on which they are supported.

EVENING. I think there are two periods in the life of man in which the evening hour is peculiarly interesting—in youth and old age. In youth you love it for its mellow light, its million stars, its soothing shades, its still serenity; amid these you can commune with our loves, or twine the wreath of friendship, while there is none to bear us witness but the heavens, and the spirits that hold their endless Sabbaths there; or look into the deep bosom of creation, spread abroad like a canopy above us, and listen till we can almost see and hear the waving and melting songs of other beings in other worlds. The youth the evening is delightful; it accords with the flow of high spirits, the flow of his fancy, and the softness of his heart. Evening is also the delight of old age—it affords hours of undisturbed contemplation; it seems an emblem of the calm and tranquil close of busy life, serene, placid and mild, with the impress of its great Creator stamped upon it; it spreads its quiet wings over the grave, and seems to promise that all shall be peace beyond it. —[Franklin.]

COLLEGE IN OREGON.—The Methodists have already located a College Institute, in Oregon, for the accommodation of which a building 75 feet long and three stories high has been erected. The institution is said to be in a flourishing condition.

THE MAINE FARMER.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, JAN'Y 1, 1846.

Probate Notices. Those of our friends who have Probate Notices to publish, and would like to have them appear in the Farmer, which circulates extensively in the County of Kennebec, have only to signify the wish to the Judge of Probate.

Job Work. of all kinds, as neatly executed, and on as reasonable terms, at the Farmer Office, as at any establishment in the State. Fancy jobs printed with all the different colored inks.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

To you, friends and patrons—a happy new year to you all, both young and old; and when we say a happy new year, we mean just what we say. We hope, however, that you are too sensible to suppose that the wishes, or even exertions of your friends can bring happiness to you, without a corresponding effort on your part to bring about the result desired. Happiness consists in the state of the mind, but the mind is influenced by exterior causes. How is the mind with you? Calm and quiet, and under the dominion of reason and common sense? or is it "all out of fix," neither trained nor disciplined—like one of your unruly and untamed colts, ready to kick and flare up at every thing that comes along not consonant with your wishes or desires? Or is it in subjection to good counsels—patient, enduring, but at the same time active in seeking truth, and anxious to practice and enjoy whatever is good and rational?

The old year, with its cares and its joys, its sorrows and its pleasures, its labors and its leisure, has passed away. Are you the better or the worse for having passed through its probationary stages? Are you a wiser man, or a bigger fool? These are questions we suggest to you. They may be answered to yourself, not to us; for we are neither guardian nor father confessor to you—merely a *putter in mind* of certain things—a mere "dropper in," as Paul Pry says, without any intention of intruding upon bosom secrets. We merely say, if you really wish yourself a happy new year, put the inner man in good trim to make and enjoy happiness for you, and keep the outer man in due order to aid in accomplishing the design.

One of the means of doing this is to cultivate the intellect, and store up truth. One of the aids in doing this is the "Press," and one of the fruits of the Press is the MAINE FARMER. We have joggled along very pleasantly with you thus far, and by your kind assistance have been enabled, as you see, to come out in a new dress of the latest cut, and are a *little taller* than heretofore. We therefore hope to do a little more for you during the coming year, and in a little better shape.

Although our bump of self-esteem is not over large—at least, so say the Phrenologist's callipers—yet it seemeth somewhat excited at present, and prompts us to say that we verily believe we (that is, the Farmer) have not been the heaviest drone in the mortal hive during the past year, but have done a fair share of good among our fellows in the buzzing swarm of life.

Our circulation has increased largely—our means to enlarge and do more have also increased. The spirit of improvement among our farmers and mechanics has become roused very much of late, and we hope that the close of every year will not only find that it is still on the increase, but that we can be enabled to point to the effects of its operation in multiplying the means of subsistence, comfort, and happiness to every individual of the community, and also prove that there will be a continuance and a constantly accumulating momentum of it (if we may so speak) throughout the whole of the States and of the Union.

We have ever inculcated the necessity of cultivating a laudable State pride, and of a concerted action of all—a union of effort in the promotion and elevation of our own section of the Union to the highest possible point. If all would do this in every State, our nation would walk forth with a moral power and grandeur that the other nations of the earth would learn to respect and imitate, and the blessings of peace and liberty and happiness would spread abroad with gratifying rapidity.

The best, and indeed the only mode of doing this, is through the medium of the Printing Press. By this, individuals from the remotest corners of the land can hold intercourse, like members of a family, by their own fireside—mind can call unto mind—thought answer unto thought, and a common expression of sentiment be obtained upon every subject. It therefore becomes a species of duty to foster and cherish the Press, by contributing to it a little something, both of your talents and purse, from time to time, in this cause. You thereby sustain its operation, and help give a tone and guidance to the sentiments put forth by it. A shrewd and observing Postmaster once observed to us that he could tell what sort of men his neighbors were by the papers they took. This is a pretty good criterion. There is a corresponding and mutual influence between the Press and its contributors or supporters, and hence the importance of lending your influence in giving to so powerful an engine a proper tone and voice and power. The public is made up of communities, and communities of individuals. Public opinion is nothing more, therefore, than an aggregate of the opinions of individuals, and the Press is the common mouth by which public opinion is uttered. As in individuals, "out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh," so with the public,—in the fullness of the united hearts of the whole, the public mouth speaketh and giveth expression to the sentiments of the general thought.

Every man, woman and child is therefore immediately concerned in the operation and direction of the various periodicals of the day, whether they take one of them or not. The more active they are in their support, the more energy will they infuse into them; and the more they communicate to them, the more correct will they be as an exponent of the public sentiment and belief. Let every man, therefore, rouse up and awake to his duty. If the MAINE FARMER suits you, we should be happy to supply you with it, and to publish whatever of fact or sentiment, connected with its objects, you may furnish us with. If it does not suit you, there are enough in the world that will, and we hope you will take hold strong and do your duty in promoting public enterprise and public virtue.

SEVERE WINTER. We learn that, forty to sixty miles to the north and north-west of us, the winter, so far, has been very severe indeed—not having been equalled for many years. Strong winds and heavy falls of snow have been frequent, and now the roads are blocked up with snow—it being five to six feet in depth. During the severe rain storms here, snow fell plentifully there.

Editorial Scribblings.

BY THE P. D.

PETER NEGLECTFUL'S REFORMATION.

Every one knows Peter Neglectful; and every one well knows that he is a very good man and an obliging neighbor, and that he never had but one prominent fault, namely, *negligence*. It will rejoice the hearts of many to learn the fact that Peter has turned over a new leaf, and that now, instead of being negligent the remainder of his days, he is resolved to be punctual in all things—in little matters as well as greater ones. As every reader is desirous of learning the cause of all important changes, or reformations—and as there are many Neglectfuls in the community, we propose to give the history of Peter's reformation, which is indeed a caution to all negligent persons.

Peter Neglectful always observes Christmas Day in a proper and becoming manner. Last Thursday, Peter, as usual, accompanied by his good wife and obedient children, attended divine worship—spent the day in a becoming manner—and in the evening gave a party, composed of young and old. This was, of course, a hilarious affair; and we are glad to say that everything passed off to the gratification and satisfaction of all concerned. The party broke up about ten o'clock; and after the visitors had all gone, Peter, being somewhat fatigued, retired to his bed chamber, leaving his good wife and daughters up, who were under the necessity of putting things in their proper places before retiring.

Peter laid his head upon the downy pillow, but his nervous system being so excited by the hilarity of the evening, he could not close his eyes in slumber very readily. In a few moments he fell into a moralizing fit. "Yes," said he to himself, "I am a happy man. Divine Providence has conferred upon me many glorious gifts: I am abundantly blessed with the necessities and luxuries of life. I have an amiable and accomplished wife, and numerous dutiful and beautiful children; kind and obliging friends and neighbors in abundance. How differently are others situated. Thousands and thousands are in the jaws of poverty, and are deprived of even the necessities of life, while I am blessed with all these, and more—thousands and thousands are bound to the grinding and debasing car of slavery, while I am left free as the morning air. O, I bless the Giver of all good for his wonderful mercies toward me, and may he condescend to prosper all in their laudable undertakings." Thus moralized Peter; and still he went on, and began to particularize, and named all who are slighted and neglected, save one, who is universally forgotten, viz., the *Printer*.

After a while, Peter's eyes were closed in sleep—not sound sleep, but a sort of dreamy sleep, in which *conscience* sometimes does its good work. Mrs. Neglectful was about retiring, when she heard Peter coming down stairs, crying, in a frantic manner, "Wife! wife! wife!" Without stopping to think what this meant, she hastened and opened the door, and in came her husband, staggering, pale as a sheet. "What's the matter, Peter?" asked she, somewhat frightened. "Oh! oh!" shrieked he, and fell prostrate on the floor. Water was instantly brought, and a few smart dashes of it in the face of the prostrate man, brought him to his senses. Seating himself in the rocking-chair, he said: "Oh, Nancy, there is a dreadful looking object in our chamber. Dreadful! dreadful!" "What is it?" asked Nancy. "I don't know—it's a horrid looking boy." "It's a boy then, is it?" "Yes—but it's such a boy!" "Well, if it's only a boy, I'll take a light, go up, and see what he amounts to," said the intrepid Nancy. She went up—looked in every part of the room, under the bed, but could discover no living thing. She returned. "Peter, you are mistaken. There's no boy, nor any living thing, in the chamber." "Nancy, I tell you true. I did see a horrid looking boy."

"Can you describe him, Peter?" "Yes. He was thin in face and body—pale as a sheet—rags hung on his shivering limbs—black spots, resembling tar, were on his face and hands,—his hands were raised, and from his fingers hung a sheet of paper, upon which were the letters 'P. T. P.—I. D. D.—A. T. P. D.' He looked as though he just came from Poverty's poor house." All was silent. Mrs. Neglectful was in deep thought. She had seen, somewhere, that boy. The description was genuine. "Ah," said she to herself, "I have it—I know the whole secret—things shall be made right." Mr. and Mrs. N. and the frightened children retired. During the night, Nancy, the good wife, was disturbed twice by the cries of her husband, who saw that horrid boy standing by the bed-side! His wife couldn't see him, but he could! In the morning Peter looked gloomy, decidedly. Nancy said to him: "Husband, if you will give me six dollars, I will procure a receipt, or a medicine, which will drive that boy, or ghost, from your chamber for one year at least; but if you do not comply with this, he will torment you every night!" "Done!" exclaimed Peter, at the same time pulling out the old caskin pocket-book, from which he abstracted the six spot, and handed it to his wife. She took her oldest son one side, told him to go to the village and procure of the physician, the medicine. The son did as he was told, and in an hour or two returned. Nancy, her face wreathed in smiles, took Peter into the front room and handed him a small piece of paper. He put on his spectacles, and read as follows: (We substitute fictitious names.)

"Bungtown, Dec. 26th, 1845.
Received of PETER NEGLECTFUL, Esq., five dollars and seventy-five cents, in full for the BUNGDOWN AURORA, from January 1, 1844, to December 31, 1845.
TIMOTHY HOPKINS.
"Ah, that's it—that's it," said Peter. "It's strange I didn't think of that before. The poor, neglected printer! I'll never get caught in such a scrape again—no, that I won't. But, Nancy," continued Peter, "who was that horrid looking boy?" "That was the ghost of the Printer's Devil." "Yes, so it was. But what meant the letters P. T. P.—I. D. D.—A. T. P. D.?" "Why, Peter, don't you know?" "No, my dear, I don't." "Well, I know, and knew the moment you repeated them. This is what they mean: 'Pay the Printer—4 dollars due—I am the Printer's Devil.'"

We have only to add, that Peter Neglectful has not seen "that horrid boy" since the night of the 25th ult.; and he says he never means to see him again, under like circumstances. He is a reformed man.

THE CARRIER BOY visiting his friends to-morrow (Thursday) morning.

The Montreal Times says measures have been adopted to complete at the earliest possible day, the railroad between Halifax and Quebec.

MR. MATHEWS' ADDRESS. In compliance with an invitation from Sabattis Lodge, I. O. of O. F., Wm. Mathews, Esq., Editor of the Yankee Blade, delivered an address, upon the principles of Odd Fellowship, before a highly respectable audience of members of the order and gentlemen and ladies of this and the neighboring towns, on Friday evening last, on the occasion of the second anniversary of Sabattis Lodge. We were early at Odd Fellows' Hall, the place selected for the lecture, but found the Hall full to overflowing, even though it lacked some half an hour of the time designated for the commencement of the services of the occasion. After several ineffectual attempts to gain an entrance, we were compelled to forego the rich treat we had promised ourselves on the occasion. We are informed, however, that it fully met the anticipations of his warm and numerous friends—being full of pure sentiment, written in a highly polished style, and frequently interspersed with beautiful imagery. We have been in ill-humor ever since that time, because we were not fortunate enough to hear it. Why was not a larger house procured for the occasion?

MR. MORRELL. We are happy in being able to say to the reader, and to the friends of the above named gentleman, (Arthur Morrell, who was lately robbed and maltreated in the city of New York, and brought home in a sad state,) that he is now convalescent. Since our last issue we have received a letter from him, in which he states that he is now quite comfortable in body and mind. He pronounces his late misfortune a most damnable act on the part of the perpetrators. His letter, being a business one, and written in haste, does not contain any particulars relative to this sad affair. We trust that stern justice will overhaul the rascally kidnappers, and administer to them according to their deserts.

FOREFATHER'S DAY. The celebration of the 325th anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, came off at Plymouth, on Monday of last week, in great style. The concourse of people assembled was immense. A procession was formed, and, escorted by a band of music and a company of light infantry, marched to the house of worship, where appropriate services took place. After the services were closed, the procession reformed, and marched to the Railroad Depot, where a sumptuous dinner was served up. Here speeches were made, songs sung, and toasts given. We have no room for particulars. Suffice it to say that the day passed off to the acceptance of all concerned.

CUPID'S DOINGS. As we were wending our way towards the office on a "cold, frosty morning," not long since, our eye caught to fall upon a piece of pink paper, carefully folded in "love letter" form. Our Yankee curiosity, of course, compelled us to pick it up; and as there was no superscription upon the outside, and not being sealed, we opened its many folds, and found the following *chilition* of love. If Cupid has not been aiming his artillery at the author of it, and hit not very "wide of the mark," we will give up all pretension to knowledge of "shooting apparatus." If we knew the "local habitation" of "Mary," we would send it on its "winding way." But as we do not, and feel somewhat anxious that she may see it, so that the author may not "waste" his "sweetness on the desert air," we give the *morceaux* entire, except the names, which we withhold out of feelings of delicacy.

To Mary.
"I have a passion for the name of Mary."—Byron.
Memory! true caretaker of nature—
Always stored with gems rich and rare—
Secures those bright eyes, as a treasure;
No gem with them can ever compare.
They rival the stars in their brightness,
Their flashes with the lightning's may vie,
Although like the moon in their mildness—
(I oft look upon them with a sigh.)
Fair one! thy smile is an oasis
In the traveler's desert of life;
Betokening a haven of bliss,
High above this world's cares and its strife.
Those rosy lips—almost lips divine!
My all for one nectareous draught!
But why the wish?—it can ne'er be mine—
They're another's! the price paid, his heart!
Bright star! oh, would that I might ever
In such constellation be placed;
Revolving round thee as the centre,
Of love, virtue, modesty, and grace.
A.—1845. G.—

TIT FOR TAT. We find the following laughable incident in one of our exchanges. The way the fashionable, superfluous, exquisite Miss had the joke turned upon her was worthy of a son of Yankeeedom. A genuine gentleman or lady is easily recognized by their modest and unassuming deportment. They are slow to say or do anything that can possibly wound the feelings of any one, however humble may be their lot. We never met one of these *exceedingly fashionable* beings without thinking of Burns' inimitable lines—

"O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us,
It wad frae manie a blunder free us,
And foolish notions."

The scene described was on board of a steamboat. "At supper, a lady sat down to the table with something of the flourish and toss of the head, expressive of her consequence and her utter contempt of all on board. An honest, queer-looking but genteel young man seated himself opposite, and not being in the mood of waiting long, helped himself to a piece of bread, and with his own knife also took a piece of butter to keep it company. The lady bridled up, and showed by her manner that something unusual had occurred. "Waitah," said she, "waitah! take away that buttah—that rude man has had his knife in it." She was obeyed, and the butter vanished to her great relief. The poor fellow blushed to his shirt collar and felt sufficiently embarrassed. Before the supper was over, his politeness and laudable desire to retrieve his error, prompted him to pass the lady a plate of dried beef nicely cut up. She reached out her hand very nicely and took some on her plate with her fingers. Jonathan instantly started up, and with a loud voice cried out—"Waitah! take away this smoked beef—that rude woman has had her fingers in it." It was now her turn to blush. She was fairly done."

The Hendersonians, North Carolina, were considerably frightened a few days since by an eighteen inch fall of snow. It is said to be the heaviest fall of snow there within the recollection of the "oldest inhabitant," and he is an aged man, as every person knows. There was also a slight fall of snow at Raleigh. Here an eighteen inch snow is a mere flea bite.

Streeter's Weekly (not weekly) Boston Star, is a fine sheet, and is sent to subscribers for two dollars per annum, invariably in advance. The Corporal continues to write as *pen-gently* as ever, though some of his envious neighbors affirm that "Ephraim" is growing dull and sleepy. Poh! The Corporal will hit 'em, though they be *Eagle-eyed* and *Mail-ed* to the teeth.

THE WEATHER is fine—the sleighing tip-top.

A MAN OF SORROW. Hon. Amos Kendall has, within a few months, been sorely afflicted. Not long since, it will be remembered, his son was murdered in the streets of Washington; and a week or two ago, his wife's mother and one of her sons, were burnt to death, in Missouri, by a prairie fire.

"Alec, do you not admire and respect men possessed of a good degree of stability?"
"That I do—and this fact will account for my great respect for Mike, Hutchins' stable-man."

FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE.—The alarm of fire at 11 o'clock Wednesday morning was caused by the explosion of the steam boiler in the box factory of Messrs W. & O. Tirrell, on Harrison Avenue, above the South Free Bridge. The boiler which was set in brick was blown across the street, a distance of 150 feet, falling into a blacksmith's shop, where several men were at work, but injuring no one here. Two young men employed in the factory, named William Tirrell (son of the owner) and William Ford, were instantly killed, being mutilated in a most shocking manner.

It is reported that the engine was left in the care of inexperienced persons, and that the water got low, which caused the explosion and melancholy loss of life. The boiler was about 30 feet in length, and was projected across the street in a horizontal line, on its way going between a wagon passing at the time, without injury to man or horse, but breaking the shafts. The men in the blacksmith shop escaped as by a miracle, the boiler falling upon the forge where they were at work. The fire was extinguished with trifling damage by the prompt action of the department. [Boston Cultivator.]

From the verdict of the Coroner's jury summoned in the case of Tirrell and Ford, who were killed on Wednesday, it appears that the steam engine boiler was "old, leaky, unsafe and unfit for use;" and the person employed was not "competent to take charge of the same."

BOLD ROBBERY. A daring and successful robbery was committed on Saturday evening, about eight o'clock, on the store of William P. McKay and Co., 52 Milk-street. A man having previously fastened the door on the outside, by passing a piece of hoop iron, doubled several times, through the handle, broke in one of the large panes of glass in front, and seizing a case of valuable gold watches, made off up Atkinson-street before those within could give the alarm. Two persons were at work at the window at the time, one of whom had his hands severely cut in the attempt to secure the watches. There were twelve watches in the case, and they were valued at \$1000. There were five persons within at the time, and the store is a very small one. [B. Courier.]

CHEAP POSTAGE.—The New York Evening Express announces, by request of the American Mail Company, that their organization has been continued, under the expectation that the Postmaster-General would attempt to increase the rates of postage. In case he succeeds, they propose to resume at once their operations through the Northern and Eastern States. And we confess we feel very much disposed to bid them good speed and good success in their plans.

Let the Government make a fair trial of cheap postage before they condemn the system. Let them cut down the franking privilege of members of Congress to what actually concerns the public interests; or at least to such an extent as to withdraw the temptation from members to supply their families, by mail, during the sessions, with Uncle Sam's stationery, &c.—and our word for it, the receipts and expenditures of the Department will not be so misappropriated.

But, if for a few years there should be a deficiency, why not draw from the Treasury to make it up? For what object will the people be willing that a portion of the public money should be expended than for this? [Traveller.]

SPECIAL MESSENGER FROM MEXICO.—Washington, Dec. 23, 1845.—On Saturday evening last, a special messenger, with, it is said, important dispatches to the Department of State, reached here from Vera Cruz. He reports that Mr. Slidell reached Vera Cruz on the 29th November, and took his departure thence for Mexico on the 1st of December, under a military escort, the country being now in a more deplorable condition than ever known before, as it is every where infested with marauding bandits plundering wherever and whenever the opportunity offers.

The news of the movements of General Paredes against the government of Mexico, was received at Vera Cruz before he left; and, also, by express from merchants at the city of Mexico, that the government had seized a quantity of mules, laden with merchandise &c. on their way to Vera Cruz. The object is presumed to be to bring the services of the mules into the service of the government. The only government vessel at Vera Cruz when the messenger left there, was the St. Mary's, in which Mr. Slidell came passenger. [Newark Daily Advertiser.]

REPORT OF A NEW REVOLUTION IN MEXICO. A private letter was received last Friday from Havana, on the 9th inst., from a respectable quarter, stating that the English steamer had just arrived from Vera Cruz an hour or two before the sailing of the steamer, and that Paredes, at the head of 8,000 men, is marching on the city of Mexico from St. Louis Potosi, 300 miles off, and that there will be no opposition to him in the city. The grounds of his proclamation are, the intention of the Government to enter into a treaty with the United States for the annexation of Texas.

It is suspected that a foreign nation was indirectly concerned in the movement. It is said that the dispatches were received on the same day that Mr. Slidell left Vera Cruz. [Union.]

BUENOS AYRES. The brig Falconer, Capt. Dennison, arrived at this port yesterday, from Buenos Ayres, with dates from there to the 23d of October. On the 17th of October, it was officially promulgated that the time for the departure of vessels in the harbor of Buenos Ayres, had been prolonged indefinitely to the 31st of Oct., when the blockade would be rigidly enforced. The British Packet of the 18th of Oct., says that the combined forces of "England, France and Young Italy," were defeated in their attempt to take and sack the important town of Paysandua. The schr. Spartan, from Philadelphia, had been refused an entrance into the harbor of Buenos Ayres, by the blockading squadron.

FOOD FROM STARVING IRELAND.—While Ireland is represented as in a condition bordering upon famine, in consequence of the failure of the potato crop; and while in this country are sending supplies of food across the Atlantic for her relief—the staple food of the land of potatoes comes this way in perhaps the usual quantities. We notice the arrival of a vessel at St. John's, N. B. from Dublin, with a full cargo of potatoes. Several similar cargoes have arrived at our Southern ports.

THE NEW BEDFORD MURDER.—John Cunningham, a sailor, charged with the murder of Margaret Loring, being put on trial at the S. J. Court in New Bedford, offered to plead guilty to the charge of manslaughter, and the charge of wilful murder was in consequence withdrawn, and he was sentenced to the State Prison for seven years. The woman murdered was an abandoned character; their acquaintance was so recent and of such a nature as to preclude the idea of premeditated malice. The witnesses in the case did not stand fair before a jury. On these grounds the Court decided to accept the plea of manslaughter.

SHAMEFUL HOAX.—Some heartless and unprincipled persons wrote to the parents of a young man, who resided some two hundred miles from Pittsburgh, about their son, who was living in that city, stating that he was very sick, and not likely to live, and causing the father to travel through all the late unpleasant weather to see his dying son. After some search he accidentally met him in the street, very much to their mutual astonishment.

DOINGS OF CONGRESS.

FRIDAY, DEC. 19.

The Senate did not sit to-day.

In the House the Massachusetts resolutions for the revision of the naturalization laws were the first business in order, but they were passed over, by consent, for the purpose of calling the states for resolutions.

Mr. Douglass reported a bill from the committee on territories, to provide for the Oregon settlers, and for terminating the joint occupancy of Oregon Territory; and, on his motion, it was referred to the committee of the whole on the state of the Union, and made the special order for the second Tuesday in January.

Mr. Sims, of Missouri, offered a series of resolutions similar to those offered yesterday in the Senate by Mr. Atchison, for a survey of the Oregon coast by the home squadron, the survey of the Fremont pass, the employment of mounted dragoons to protect the settlers and emigrants in and on their journey to Oregon, the establishment of an overland mail from St. Louis to Oregon city; the extinguishment of Indian title and establishment of Indian agencies in Oregon; the survey of the Oregon lands; the organization of militia in Oregon, &c. &c. The resolutions lie over.

Mr. Winthrop offered a resolution, which was agreed to, calling upon the President for copies of all the correspondence between the governments of the U. S. and G. B. during the last two years in relation to the Washington treaty—the territorial fund—and the free navigation of the St. John's.

Mr. Winthrop offered the following resolutions, and gave notice that he would debate them—

Resolved, That the differences between the United States and Great Britain on the subject of the Oregon Territory, are still a fit subject for negotiation and compromise; and that satisfactory evidence has not yet been afforded that no compromise which the United States ought to accept can be effected.

Resolved, That it would be a dishonor to the age in which we live, and in the highest degree creditable to both the nations concerned, if they should suffer themselves to be driven into a war, upon a question of no immediate practical interest to either of them.

Resolved, That if no other mode for the amicable adjustment of this question remains, it is due to the principles of civilization and Christianity that a resort to arbitration should be had; and that this Government cannot relieve itself from all responsibility which may follow the failure to settle the controversy while this resort is still untried.

Resolved, That arbitration does not necessarily involve a reference to crowned heads, and that if a jealousy of such a reference is entertained in any quarter, a commission of able and dispassionate citizens, either from the two countries concerned, or from the world at large, offers itself as an obvious and unobjectionable alternative.

Mr. Douglass, per contra, offered the following, which he said he would call up when Mr. Winthrop's were taken up, and move them as a substitute for those.

Resolved, That the title of the United States to the Territory of Oregon up to 54° 40' min., is not a subject of compromise.

Resolved, That the question of title ought not to be submitted to arbitration.

The House adjourned at half past 2.

MONDAY, DEC. 22.
In the Senate, to-day, Mr. Fairfield called to be excused from serving as chairman of the committee on the French spoliation prior to 1800, fearing, he said, that he had a personal interest in the matter through his wife.

Mr. Webster was then appointed by the Vice President.

A number of petitions against the admission of Texas into the Union, as a slave State, were received and laid on the table.

Mr. Calhoun's credentials were read, and he appeared and took his seat, looking remarkably well.

Mr. Ashley, from the Committee on the Judiciary, reported the joint resolutions from the House for the admission of Texas as a State into the Union, without amendment, which was read. Mr. Webster saw that this measure was to become a law. It had received the assent of the other House and would have a large majority here. Some of those who had opposed annexation, now approved the measure, considering it as settled. But he should not vote for it, for various reasons. He considered the extension of the territory dangerous to the continuance of the Union.

He wished to present to Europe the spectacle of a proud, mighty, happy, and contented republic. While he would faithfully adhere to the original compact, he would not consent, and never had consented, to its extension to new slaveholding States with all their unequal advantages. This presented a new question, and the free States ought not to be called upon to vote for the

The Muse.

THE ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

Here are old trees, tall oaks and gnarled pines,
That stream with green mosses; here the ground
Was never trodden by spade, and flowers spring up
Unmolested, and die ungathered. It is sweet
To linger here, among the fitting birds
And leaping squirrels, wandering brooks, and winds
That shake the leaves, and scatter, as they pass,
A fragrance from the cedars thickly set
With the pale blue berries. In these peaceful shades—
Peaceful, unpruned, immeasurably old—
My thoughts go up the long dim path of years,
Back to the earliest days of Liberty.

Oh, Freedom! thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gleaming from the cap
With which the Roman matron crowned her slave,
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
Armed to the teeth, art thou; one mailed hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are strong with struggling. Power at his haunched
His bolts, and with his lightning smitten thee:
They could not quench the life thou hast from heaven.
Merciless Power has dug thy dungeon deep,
And his sweet armory, by a thousand fires,
Hate forged thy chain; yet, while he deems thee bound,
The links are shivered, and the prison walls
Fall outward: terribly thou springest forth,
As springs the flame above a burning pile,
And shoutest to the nations, who return
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.

Thy birthright was not given by human hands;
Thou wert twinned with man. In pleasant fields,
While yet our race was few, thou sat'st with him
To tend the quiet flock, and watch the stars,
And teach the reed to utter simple airs.
Thou by his side, amid the tangled wood,
Didst war upon the panther and the wolf,
Your only foes; and thou with him didst draw
The earliest furrows on the mountain side,
Soft with the Deluge. Tyranny himself,
Thy enemy, although of a reverend look,
Hoary with many years, and far obeyed,
Is later born than thou; and as he meets
The grave defiance of thine older eye,
The usurper trembles in his fastnesses.

Thou shalt war stronger with the lapse of years,
But he shall fade to a feeble age:
Feebler, yet subtler, he shall weave his snares,
And spring them on the careless steps, and clap
His withered hands, and from their ambush call
His hounds to fall upon thee. He shall send
Quaint makers, forms of fair and gallant men,
To catch thy gaze, and utter graceful words
To charm thy ear; while his sly lips, by stealth,
Twine round thee threads of steel, light thread on thread,
That grow to fetters; or bind down thy arms
With chains concealed in chaplets. Oh! not yet
May'st thou untrace thy corslet, or lay by
Thy sword; nor yet, O Freedom! close thy lids
In slumber; for thine enemy never sleeps,
And thou must watch and combat, till the day
Of new earth and heaven, when he couldst thou rest
A while from tumult and the din of men,
These old and friendly soldiers invite
Thy visit. They, while yet the forest trees
Were young upon the unviolated earth,
And yet the moss-stains on the rock were new,
Beheld thy glorious childhood, and rejoiced.

The Story Teller.

[From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.]

THE UGLY EFFIE, OR THE NEGLECTED ONE AND THE PET BEAUTY.

BY MRS. LEE HENTZ.

Mr. Horton, a rich and childless widower,
made his first visit to his also widowed sister,
Mrs. Dushane. A beautiful little girl, of about
ten, was introduced to him as the *darling* Clara,
his little pet niece, who was prepared to love her
uncle better than any body else in the world, al-
ways excepting her mamma. The child was re-
markably beautiful, and all the decorations of
dress were made to enhance her juvenile loveliness.
The heart of the lonely man melted within
him when he felt his neck wreathed by those
white velvet arms, and his cheek kissed over and
over by those sweet ruby lips.

"God bless her!" cried he, hugging her to his
breast, again and again. "What a precious child
it is!"

"I love you, dear uncle," muttered Clara, in
the softest voice—"I have loved you a long
time."

Mr. Horton gave the lovely child another warm
embrace, then, releasing her, turned to his sister,
sister, to cheer my widowed heart, I should still be
one of the happiest of men."

"You must look upon her as if indeed she were
your own, my dear brother," said Mrs. Dushane,
drawing Clara fondly towards her. "I am not so
selfish as to wish to engross her exclusively, though
I acknowledge I have a mother's pride as well as
affection."

"But you have another daughter, your eldest
born—where is she?" My heart yearns to embrace
them all. I came here to see if its aching void
could not be filled."

"Oh! Effie!" said Mrs. Dushane, carelessly—
"I do not know where she is. She is very shy and
reserved—likes to be herself—very different
from Clara—remarkably ordinary in her person,"
continued she, in a lower voice; "and has a very
singular and sullen disposition. She is a great
affliction to me, but one cannot expect to be blest
in all their children."

"Still I want to see the child," said the benevo-
lent Mr. Horton—"I loved her father like my own
brother, and he used to say his little girl was the
image of himself; I cannot help loving his daughter."

"I fear you will not find much to love in poor
Effie," replied the mother, with a deep sigh, "but
you shall see her," then ringing the bell, she or-
dered a servant to bring Miss Effie to her uncle.

Soon after, a dark, thin, neglected-looking child
was ushered into the room, who hung back on the
hand of the servant, and whose looks and gestures
expressed sullenness and reluctance. Her long,
thick, dark hair hung in tangled masses over her
neck and forehead, and it was difficult to distin-
guish her features, for she endeavored to cover
them with her hair, as with a veil. With slow
steps and averted face, she approached the centre
of the room, when her mother called to her, in a
tone of authority—

"Put down your hand from your face, Effie, and
come and speak to your uncle—come—quicker."

Effie looked at her uncle through her long
tresses, then, letting her hand fall, she drew nearer
with a more willing step.

"Ah! that was her father's glance," exclaimed
Mr. Horton, opening his arms as he spoke.

Effie hesitated a moment, then darted like light-
ning to his bosom, and clung round his neck with
both her arms, as if she would never let him go.
"Effie," said her mother, reproachfully, "you
are too rude—I did not tell you to tear your uncle
to pieces."

"Let her be—let her be," said Mr. Horton push-
ing back her hair, and looking earnestly in her
face. "Why her eyes are full of tears and her
heart beats, as if she had been running a race.
Don't be afraid of me—I'm your own uncle, who

has no little girl of his own to love; I want you to
look upon me as a father."

"That will do, Effie," said Mrs. Dushane; "you
make your uncle too warm—come and take a seat
by me."

Effie withdrew her arms from her uncle's neck,
and, sliding from his knee, took the seat indicated
by her mother's glance. Mr. Horton's eyes were
still riveted upon her face.

"Is that child sick?" he asked, abruptly.

"No," replied Mrs. Dushane;—"she always
had that meagre, half-famished look. She is a
great deal stronger than Clara."

Mr. Horton did not reply, but looked earnestly
at both children, while his sister watched his
countenance with silent interest. Mrs. Dushane
had anticipated the arrival of the brother with
great anxiety. She knew the immense wealth he
had acquired—that he had no children of his own
to inherit it—that she was his only surviving sister,
and she was sure that the moment he beheld her
darling Clara, he would adopt her as the heiress
of his fortune.

"My dear," said she to her, the morning of her
brother's arrival, "you remember how much I
have told of your uncle Horton—your rich uncle.
Now, though we have a very decent living, that is
all—I shall be able to leave you nothing, but your
uncle is said to be worth a million—and, I have no
doubt, will make you heiress to the whole, if you
only try to please him, and be a dear, sweet beau-
tiful child, the whole time he is here."

"Oh! I will be sure to please him," cried Clara,
dancing before the looking-glass. "I'll please him
without trying."

"How are you sure of that, darling?" asked the
mother.

"Oh! because I am so pretty," replied the
spoiled child, shaking back the ringlets from her
bright blue eyes, and looking archly in her mother's
face. "You know every body says I am
pretty, mamma, and that sister is ugly."

"Yes—but you must not repeat what every
body says before your uncle, for he would not be
pleased if he thought you vain—and you must be
very polite and affectionate to him—get in his
lap, put your arms round his neck, and caress
him a great deal. You must never get in a pas-
sion before him, for it spoils your looks; you
know, my dear, you are too apt to do it. You
must be very attentive to him when he is speak-
ing, and be sure never to contradict him. I re-
collect it always displeased him to be interrupted
in conversation."

"I hope he will not stay long, if I've got to lis-
ten to him all the time," said Clara, "for I know
he must be a dry old thing."

"You will not think a million of dollars dry,
one of these days," said Mrs. Dushane—"but,
never mind, perhaps he will leave it to Effie."
"To Effie!" exclaimed Clara, with a laugh of
derision. "To Effie! the ugly thing!—Oh, no! I
am not afraid of her. You see if I don't please
uncle, without trying very hard either."

A servant, whose chief employment it was to
wait upon Clara, was full two hours curling her
hair and arranging her dress, before the arrival
of Mr. Horton, and when the business of the to-
lette was over, she led her in triumph to her moth-
er, asking her "if Miss Clara did not look like a
perfect angel?"

A rapturous kiss on her rosy cheek was an
expressive answer in the affirmative.

"Oh! mamma, you tumble my frock," cried the
little belle, in a pettish tone. "I don't love to be
squeezed."

"Shall I change Miss Effie's dress?" asked the
servant, as she was leaving the room.

"It's of no consequence," said Mrs. Dushane,
coldly; "she needn't come into the room to-night—
I'm ashamed my brother should see her," con-
tinued she, in a kind of soliloquy; "she is so ugly
and awkward and wayward, I want to keep her
out of his sight as long as possible."

Mr. Horton had not been more than a week
with his sister before he discovered that, though
she was the nominal head of the establishment,
Miss Clara was the real one, and that her vary-
ing whims and caprices were the laws that gov-
erned the whole household. Effie seldom made
her appearance, and then she seemed more like
an automaton than any thing else: never dis-
playing any traits of that sensibility which had
so touched her uncle's heart the first night
of her arrival. When company was present
Clara was summoned to the piano to entertain
the guests with music, which she had been taught
almost from her cradle, or she was called upon
to display her graceful little figure in the mazes
of the hornpipe, or the undulations of the shawl
dance, which her master said she executed to per-
fection.

One evening Mr. Horton sat reading in an up-
per piazza, which fronted the chamber he occu-
pied. It was shaded by luxuriant vines, which
trailed their flowery tendrils through the dia-
mond trellis-work, and excluded the rays of the
setting sun. Embowered in the rich shades, he
sat unseen, enjoying the sweetness and fresh-
ness of declining day. He heard the voices of
the children in the adjoining room, and he could
not but notice that Clara's tones wanted some-
thing of the dulcet softness of her parlor accents.
He had scarcely ever heard the full sound of
Effie's voice, and he now listened unconsciously
to a conversation which promised to develop
her character to a most interesting auditor.

"Don't Clara, press so hard against this geranium,"
said Effie, in an expostulating tone, "you
know mother will be very angry if it is broken."

"I don't care," replied Clara, evidently per-
sisting in her conduct; "she will not be angry
with me."

"But she will with me," said Effie, "for I
have the care of this flower, and if any harm
happens to it, she will blame me. You've bro-
ken off several leaves already."

There was a moment's silence, and then a
sudden and vehement exclamation from Effie
aroused the attention of Mr. Horton.

"Oh, Clara, see what you've done! The most
beautiful branch is broken—and you did it on
purpose too."

Clara laughed mockingly, and the same mo-
ment Mrs. Dushane was heard to enter the apart-
ment.

"Effie! Effie!" exclaimed she, angrily, "what
have you been doing? How dare you break that
geranium, when I've forbidden you to touch a
single leaf of it?"

"I didn't break it, mother," answered Effie;
"I wouldn't have broken it for anything in the
world."

"How dare you deny it, when you are hold-
ing it in your own hand, you good-for-nothing
little thing!" cried the mother, with increasing
anger—"I suppose you want to make me think
that Clara broke it—don't you?"

"Clara did break it!" sobbed Effie; "she
knew she did, and I tried to keep her from it."
"Oh! mamma, I didn't do any such thing,"
cried Clara, with the boldness of innocence it-
self—"you know I wouldn't."

amitten by a violent blow, had fallen prostrate
to the floor, her hand still grasping the broken
geranium, whose leaves were scattered round her.
"Clara!" cried Mr. Horton, sternly, "un-
just, unnatural woman—what have you done?"
"She is a liar, brother, and I struck her. She
deserved it," answered Mrs. Dushane, pale with
anger.

"She is not a liar, and I know it," answered
he, in a raised voice. "There stands the liar!"
pointing to the now terrified and guilty-looking
Clara. "I heard every thing that passed between
them. She broke the flower wantonly, purpose-
ly, against her sister's prayer she broke it, and
then basely denies it. Rise, my poor child,"
continued he, trying to lift Effie from the ground,
"you shall have one friend to protect you, if
your own mother casts you from her."

Effie was only stunned by the fall, and when
she found herself in the arms of Mr. Horton,
she struggled to be released.

"Oh! let me go," cried she, almost franti-
cally—"she will hate me worse than ever. Oh! how
I wish I was dead! how I wish I was dead!"

There was something terrible in the ex-
pression of the child's large, dilated black eyes,
as in a wild paroxysm of passion, she repeated this
fearful ejaculation. Mr. Horton shuddered, but
he only held her more closely.

"Clara!" said he, solemnly, "you have
that to answer for which will weigh like iron
upon your soul at the great judgment day. What
has this poor neglected child done, that you treat
her worse than an hireling, and lavish all your
affection on that selfish and unprincipled girl?"

"Clara," said her mother, "leave the room
instantly. This is no place for you. Why do
you not obey me?"

Clara began to weep bitterly, but her mother
took her by the hand and leading her to the door,
gave her in charge to a servant, with a whis-
pered injunction not intended for her brother's ear.

"Now, let that child go," said she. "If I am
to be arraigned for my conduct, I don't want
any listeners. Effie, follow your sister, and
mind that there is no more quarrelling."

"She shall not go," cried Mr. Horton. "I
fear that there is no safety for her out of my
arms. Clara! I cannot believe the cruel, un-
just, and unnatural mother I see before me,
is the sister whom I remember in the spring-
time of the heart's feelings, and in the gentleness
of early womanhood."

"Brother, if you wish me to speak, let that
child go. I will not be humbled before her, or
any human being."

"Yes, let me go," cried Effie, again struggling
—"I don't want to stay here."

"One question first," said Mr. Horton, "tell
me truly, why you wished yourself dead?"

"Because every body hates me."

"And what makes you think every body hates
you?"

"Because I am ugly," cried the child, in a low,
bitter tone, looking darkly and sullenly at her
mother.

"I will love you, Effie, if you are good, as
well as if you were my own child. But you
must not give way to such violent passions. Be
gentle if you wish to be loved. Be gentle if you
wish to be beautiful."

He put her down from his knee, where he had
seated her, and motioned that she might depart.
She stood for a moment as if irresolute, then
threw her arms round his neck, kissed his cheeks,
his hands, and even the sleeves of his garment,
in a most passionate manner, and ran out of the
room.

"Oh! Clara!" cried he, greatly moved,
"what a heart you are throwing away from you."
"To me she has always been sullen and cold,"
said Mrs. Dushane; "she has never shown me
any affection, but on the contrary the greatest
dislike."

"Because the fountain of her young affections
has been frozen, and her young blood turned to
gall," replied her brother. "She has been brought
up with the withering conviction that she is an
object of hatred and disgust to those around her,
placed in glaring comparison with her beautiful
sister, treated like a menial, her dress neglected,
her manners uncultivated, and her sensibilities
crushed and trodden under foot. Talk about
her affections! You might as well take those
very geranium leaves, and grind them with your
heel, till you have bruised out all their fragrance,
and then murmur that they gave you back no
sweetness. But that child has affections, warm,
glowing affections, though you have never elicited
them—and a mind, too, though you have never
cultivated it; but if God grant me the oppor-
tunity, I will take possession of the unwee-
ded wilderness of her heart and mind, and turn
it into a blooming, domestic garden, yet."

Mrs. Dushane was thunderstruck. She saw
in prospective her darling Clara disinherited, and
she knew not in what way to avert the impending
calamity.

"Brother," cried she, putting her handker-
chief to her eyes, "you are strangely altered.
You used to love me once, but now the stranger
within my gates would treat me with more kind-
ness. You don't know what provocations I have,
or you would not accuse me of such cruelty and
injustice."

"You forget, Clara, that I have been a witness
myself of your injustice. I do not make ac-
cusations, but appeal to self-evident truths—and
did you not suffer Clara to depart, without once
rebuking her for her falsehood and guilt?"

"Brother, I believe you hate Clara."

"I have no love for her faults, and to speak
the honest truth, I never liked favorites. From
the time of ancient Joseph's coat of many col-
ors, which excited the envy and hatred of his
brethren, to our days of modern refinement, fa-
voritism has been the fruitful source of sin and
sorrow, and oftentimes of blood and death. Do
not accuse me of unkindness, Clara, because I
speak strongly of the evils you have caused."

I would rouse you to a sense of your danger,
and place before you, in all their length and
breadth, the sacred duties you have too long ne-
glected."

"I may have been wrong," cried Mrs. Du-
shane, apparently softening; "indeed, I know
I have been, but I never could govern Effie in
any other way than by severity. She is the most
singular child you ever saw, and you are the on-
ly person who ever seemed to love her. You re-
member, brother, when I was a young girl, I was
very much admired for my beauty, and perhaps
was led to attach an undue value to it. My
greatest ambition was to have a beautiful infant,
and when Effie was said to be so remarkably up-
right, I could not help it, but my heart seemed steel-
ed against her, and she was a very cross infant,
too, and cried day and night. I could hear the
nurse calling her a cross, ugly thing, till I was
ashamed to have her in my sight. Then Clara
was so uncommonly beautiful, and such a sweet,
smiling, bewitching little infant, I could not help
loving her. Every body called her an angel,
and indeed you must acknowledge she has the
beauty of one. Then she is so affectionate and
loving. You don't know how she twines around
one's heart. To be sure she was very wrong
just now, very wrong; but pray forgive her this
one fault. You saw how bitterly she wept. It
was only the dread of your displeasure. You

have no idea how tenderly she loves you. For-
give Clara, for my sake, and I will be kind to
Effie for yours."

"For your own sake, my beloved sister," said
Mr. Horton, seating himself by her side, and tak-
ing her hand affectionately in his. "The con-
science of a fault, is one step to reformation.
Only cultivate a mother's feelings for Effie, and
believe me, you will be repaid for all your care."

Late that evening, as Mr. Horton was walk-
ing pensively in the garden, whose walks and
arrows were partially illumined by the light of a
waning moon, he was attracted by a dark object
under one of the trees. Supposing it some ani-
mal, which had gained unlawful admittance, he
approached to drive it from the enclosure, when
he was startled by the appearance of two large
black eyes turned upwards to the Heavens, flash-
ing out from a cloud of gypsy-looking hair.

"Effie," cried he, "what are you doing here,
so late, and alone?"

"Nothing," replied she, springing on her feet;
"I was only looking at the moon and stars."

"You had better go and look at them through
your bed-curtains," said he, passing his hand
over her dew-damp hair; "it is time for little
girls to be in bed and asleep."

"I cannot sleep so soon," said the child; "I
think too much, and I wish too much."

"What is it you wish so much, Effie?"

"Oh! I wish to be up among the stars, out of
the way of every body here; and then they look
as if they loved me, with their sweet, bright
eyes."

Mr. Horton took her hand, and led her slowly
and gently along.

"You seem to want to be loved, Effie?"

"Oh! yes," answered she, with energy, "I
would die to be loved only half as well Clara."

"Well, listen to me, Effie, and I will tell you
how you may be loved even better than Clara."

You must not think that it is only beautiful per-
sons who are loved."

"But they hate me because I am ugly," inter-
rupted Effie.

"You are not ugly, my child, and as you grow
older, you will grow handsomer. But you must
forget your looks, and think of cultivating your
mind and heart. You must try to be loved for
something better than beauty, and beauty perhaps
will come, without thinking of it."

Effie looked up to him with a smile which re-
ally had a beautifying influence on her face, seen
by that soft moonlight.

"If I could only be with you all the time," said
she, "I should be happy."

"Would you, indeed, like to leave your home,
and come and live with me?"

"Would I?" cried she, suddenly stopping—"I
would walk barefoot to the end of the universe; I
would feed on bread and water all my life, if I
could only live near you."

"Perhaps we will live together one of these
days," said he, smiling at her enthusiasm, "but
I will promise you better fare than bread and wa-
ter. And now, good-night—and God bless you,
my own darling Effie."

Effie retired to bed, but long after she laid her
head upon her pillow, she whispered to herself
the endearing epithet, which had melted into her
innmost heart. It was the first time she had ever
been so fondly addressed, and even in her dreams
she thought a gentle voice was murmuring in her
ear, "my own darling Effie." Oh! how sweet to
the neglected, lone-hearted child, was the lan-
guage of sympathy and love! It was like the
gurgling fountain in the arid desert—the night-
ingale in the dungeon's solitude—the gentle gale
that first awakened the wild music of her soul.

It seemed that till that moment there had been
a chill weight of lead in her bosom, cold and
deadening, but that it was now fused in the glow-
ing warmth of love, and flowing in one stream of
affection, reverence, gratitude, and almost wor-
ship, to the feet of her benefactor and friend.

When Mr. Horton proposed to his sister to
take Effie home with him, she could not disguise
her mortification and displeasure. Effie the heir-
ess of her uncle's fortune, to the exclusion of Clara,
was a circumstance too intolerable to be en-
dured. The ugly Effie chosen in preference to
the beautiful Clara! She would gladly have re-
fused the request, but she knew not what plea to
urge against it. She had herself acknowledged her
unnatural dislike to the child, and her neg-
lect of all a mother's duties towards it, was a fact
evident truth. In vain she sought to stifle the
voice of upbraiding conscience. It would be
heard, even amidst the whirlwind of passion that
ragged in her breast. Mr. Horton's determination
was to remove Effie as far as possible from the
associations of her childhood, to place her at
school, where she could have every opportunity
for the development of her talents and the dis-
cipline of her character—and then, if she fulfilled
his hopes, to adopt her as his own, and make her
the heiress of his fortune, and the inheritor of his
name.

Clara was outrageous when she learned the
new destiny of her sister. She pouted, wept,
and stamped, in the impotence of her wrath—
Effie should not go home with her uncle, and get
all his money, a whole million of dollars, away
from her. She didn't want to be pretty any more.
She wished she were ugly, if it were only to spite
her mamma, because she had not made her uncle
like her better than Effie.

Her mother, instead of soothing and petting
her with the halcyon strains of flattery, as she
was wont to do when her favorite got up a domes-
tic storm, now vented upon her the anger she
dared not manifest before her brother.

"It was your own fault," said she, "you spoiled,
ungrateful child; you broke my geranium, and
then meanly lied about it. You had better not
wish yourself ugly, for you will have nothing but
your beauty to depend upon, when you grow up.
Not a cent of money will you have for a fortune,
while your sister will be an heiress and—a
belle—"

"I don't care," cried Clara, scornfully pout-
ing her rose-leaf lips, "I'll be a belle too; and I don't
want a fortune. I'll marry somebody with a
great big fortune, and you shall live with me,
either, Madame Mamma."

Clara's appeal for her mother, in moments
of passion, was 'Madame Mamma'; and Madame
Mamma began to feel a foretaste of the anguish
caused by that 'sharper than a serpent's tooth,'
the tongue of a thankless child.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A certain lawyer being in the midst of a vio-
lent harangue, a wag rushed out of the court
room, exclaiming that *such a swell made him sea-
sick.*

A NURSERY "BAWL" ROOM. "A nursery
must be a great place for dancing, Simon."

"Why so?"

"Because it is."

"I don't see how."

"Ain't a nursery a regular ball (bawl) room?"

"Don't you think my eyes look quite killing
this morning?" said a dandy to a smart girl, and
he twisted his visionaries in the most cruel and
fascinating manner. "They remind me," said
the dandy, "of a codfish dying of the tooth-
ache!"

[From the Sunday Mercury.]

SHORT PATENT SERMON.

BY DOW, JR.

To resume my labor of love, I will discourse
this morning from the following text:

He cheats himself, and neighbors too,
And when from earth he passes,
Satan, to see his little soul,
Will have to put on glasses.

My hearers—carefulness, vigilance, prudence
and economy are commendable qualities; but
mercenary meanness and miserly avarice are al-
most too loathsome and detestable to be meddled
with by any decent moral physician, like myself,
for instance. A germ of meanness, if it be not
dipped at its first budding, will soon so overshadow
and stunt every ennobling principle of the heart,
that neither guano, fertilizing powders, nor all the
manure of morality in creation will be able to
make them flourish again. Man's soul, my
friends, has an expandability and a stretchiness
about it equal to Indian rubber. When high,
heaven-born, noble and generous thoughts
are infused into it, it swells like a balloon, and
rises into a purer and more ethereal element—far,
far above the clouds and storms of debasing pas-
sion. In fact it can't get down if it would, any
more than an inflated blow-fish can descend to
wallow in its native mud. It scorns every dis-
honored deed, and spurns every low and niggardly
practice. Pregnant with a generous and philan-
thropic pride, sooner than take advantage of the
weak, the defenceless and the fallen, you might
expect the American eagle to prey upon the pu-
trid carcass of Mexico, or to condescend to pick out
the eyes of a prostrate nation. But when a hu-
man soul has long been exposed to the scorching
rays of avarice, it becomes shrivelled up to fried
sho-strings—nay, to the invisible atony that
concatenates with NOTHING. It becomes so in-
significantly minute, that, ten million like it,
would rattle in a peanut shell.

My friends—too many of you (city folks es-
pecially) are over-inclined to meanness. I know
some who are so vastly little—if I may be al-
lowed the term—that, when they are brushed from
earth into the devil's dust pan, the old chap will
have to put on double-magnifying spectacles, and
poke for a long while among the rubbish of mor-
tality, before he can find them. There's neigh-